

# I'm a Swing It

## House Of Pain

I'm a swing it  
Watch me bring it  
To the next level  
The graphic devils  
Gettin' funky like the NevillesBrothers from the bayou  
So why you wanna trip?  
Just play the sideline kid  
And wait for me to trip'Cause I can feel it in the air tonight  
But yo I'm not Phil Collins  
I'm more like Henry Rollins'Cause I search and destroy  
Retoy with the plot  
Tryin' to get what I got  
Ya might get shotHot damn I'm a slam ya like ONYX  
Then teach ya how to write a rhyme  
Like hooked on Phonics  
Mother Goose ain't got shit on me'Cause I get loose at the jam  
And wreck the whole party  
I make em' jump and mosh  
Oh, my goshThe're slamin' in the pit  
When I'm kickin' my shot  
They're buggin' at the eyes  
'Cause I got mad styles  
And ain't a damn thing funny  
I get money in pilesSome people thought I died  
That's just a rumor though  
Others thought I fell off  
But now I'm numero unoDos not cuatro  
Word to Kool Kieth  
I'm a break up your teeth  
When I die  
(Die)  
Bury me  
(Me)Hang my balls from a cherry tree  
(Tree)  
Let them get ripe and take a biteAnd if they don't taste right  
Then don't blame D  
(D)You need to quit swingin'  
The styles that I'm bringin'  
The funk knuckle dragon

The kids on the wagon I'm not the 12 stepper  
Don't play me like a lepper  
My mic sounds nice  
But it's not salt-n-pepa Well, it's the man with the plan  
To get all your skins  
The tip of my dick  
Is where the line begins So hoe's form a line  
Take off that swine  
Strip your ass butt naked  
Let's see if you can take it 'Cause I'll make you feel  
Like a natural women  
'Cause I keep it comin' I'm the everlastin'  
Free style assasin  
My soul and my goal  
Is to bring a little passion To your girl's life like the Daily Sun  
Throw her down on the bed  
And tie her up wit ropes  
I'm just another rager with a Dairy Face  
Punk motherfuckers beef and rhyme my race You need to step back kid  
And give me some space  
So I can cold spark the party  
When I'm rockin' the place Danny Boy's arrivin'  
I stand six five and a half, don't laugh kid  
The outlaw biker with my big shit kicker  
On a highway to hell  
'Cause I never tell Well, it's the funk back breaker  
We heat it up like Jamaica  
Don't bring your woman  
To the party cause I'll take her Hit the deck  
'Cause I'm down with the Hoolis  
I got a trunk full of funk  
Like the groovy doolies I'm not the man  
But I'll ask who was he?  
Quick's hot the hair  
Do just like Ruth Buzzy Runnin' 'round town  
Like ya been to jail son  
But ya hit the swap meet  
To get your hair and your nail done Get off my sack  
'Cause your shit is wack  
Ya, dis me and I'm a dis ya back  
I'm a swing it, I'm a swing it  
I'm a swing it, I'm a swing it

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